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literary artist with a sense of omission and amplification, what a book we should have had! But, unfortunately, industry will not do in place of inspiration, and we have only a good book to refer to when memory plays one false as to times, places, battles, and characters. The pictures are rare and inspiring. That one of a galley, gaily flagged, of the Knights of Malta is enough in itself to set the imagination roving in past ages and wild seas, with fearless fighters and conscienceless pirates. Another splendid picture is that of Jean Parisot de la Valette, Grand Master of the Knights of Malta in 1565, with his beautiful armor, plumed helmet, and his white-crossed gown. What insight into primitive ways of fighting one gets from the picture of a *Brigantin donnant chasse a une Féloque, et prest à l'aborder*. Mr. Currey does not tell us where he got all his fascinating old prints, but for two of the best he returns thanks to Mr. Salvino Sant Manduca, of Malta. The book is beautifully bound and printed, a service always rendered by Messrs. Dutton & Co., and one for which the reading public cannot be too grateful. The facts gathered in the book, and the interesting and beautiful pictures, make this *divertissement* of an English naval officer well worth owning.

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IN AND OUT OF FLORENCE. By MAX VERNON. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1910.

This is another entirely unpretentious yet readable and valuable record of a year spent in Florence and in excursions about the neighborhood. It is the more instructive that it aims at being nothing more than a very simple account of personal experience. One gains a real insight into the difficulties of housekeeping in Florence, the charm and delight of living in a rented villa, and the simple heavenliness of Italian servants. The wonder of the gardens is shown in the illustrations, the cool, steeple-like cypresses, the old gray stone walls with lovely iron lace-work gates let in, the gray, twisted olive-orchards, the climbing vines and tiny jutting balconies. Fancy being able to chronicle of one's cook, "She revealed herself no less a woman of heart and wit and beautiful devotion than an excellent cook and a willing slave to our every need," as well as having "an insatiable mania for polishing." Such people make the real joy of living with their cheery pleasure in personal service, and apparently there are none left except in Italy. For any one intending to live in Italy nothing could be better than the accounts given here of marketing, housekeeping, gardening, the village, and the village fair. The small churches of Florence also receive careful and abundant attention, and one very delightful and rare chapter treats of the hillside sculptors, those workmen who set up sheds near the quarries and who, having begun as simple stone-masons, graduated as skilled and endowed sculptors. Mino da Fiesole, Benedetto da Maino, Desiderio da Settignano, the brothers Rossellini, Benedetto da Rovezzano, are among this primitive hillside school of sculpture. There is a valuable chapter on shopping and a charming incident related of the order given an obscure wood-carver for a pair of bellows with sea-horses on the sides. The wood-carver had many doubts as to the general appearance of sea-horses, and the patron was surprised a few days later to receive the bellows with sea-horses in relief of surprising accuracy and beauty. The very fin rays were numbered to the actuality. An authority could have named

the species. The price was eleven francs—a little over two dollars—and for this sum the carver had gone to the public library and worked over all the books and prints of sea-horses. Still feeling dissatisfied with his knowledge, he went to the Natural History Museum and demanded a sight of the *cavallo del mare*. The professor in charge, understanding the dilemma, kindly lent him the museum sea-horse to keep at his shop until his sea-horses should be done. One can only comment, upon reading of such fidelity to ideals, trust, kindness, interest, and ability, that probably real heaven is in the neighborhood of Florence, Italy, and if we are really good we shall all go there when we die.

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ROYAL PALACES AND PARKS OF FRANCE. By FRANCIS MILTOUN. Illustrated by BLANCHE McMANUS. Boston: L. C. Page & Company, 1910.

While by no means exhaustive nor intended so to be, this book of Mr. Miltoun's gives quite a comprehensive idea of certain palaces and gardens of France. Art knows nothing of good intentions and must always be judged by its achievements or not at all; but in the making, as in the consideration, of books credit may be justly given for intentions and due allowance be made for possible shortcomings, for books of travel are not to be taken too seriously nor called to too rigorous an account. Mr. Miltoun's work, with Miss McManus's ample illustrations, ought to whet the appetite of those who have *not* seen France and to fix the places described more firmly in the memory of those who have. An indefatigable sight-seer, the author's enthusiasm and deep interest lend a pleasant warmth and color to what might be otherwise occasionally dry, though necessary, details. Gardens and palaces are fully described, while much information of various kinds is interwoven with the descriptions. Of course with the wealth of material that such a subject affords any writer might be pardoned for being sometimes at a loss to know just what to include or what to omit. But there are times when Mr. Miltoun's pages read like the jottings from a note-book that has not been well and sufficiently sifted and diligently revised and filled in. Owing to haste or inadvertence, for instance, Catherine de Medici is made to live in 1650 (page 247) when obviously *Marie* de Medici is meant. This is merely noted in passing, since in a work of this kind accuracy of detail and definite chronological arrangement are indispensable. Then the English, too, both in construction and in clarity, is not always such as a reader may reasonably ask. This passage by way of example: "The regent journeyed out from Paris to this riverside retreat to receive the Tsar Peter in 1717, and in 1752 Louis Philippe d'Orléans set about to give a fête which should obscure the memory of all former events of a like nature into oblivion."

Surely this is far from idiomatic English, nor could it easily be translated into good French; and in many places there are sentences that read as if hurriedly translated into Gallicized English: "The gardens of the Gothic era seldom surpassed the enclos with a rivulet passing through it, a spring, a pine-tree giving a welcome shade, some simple flowers, and a verger of fruit-trees."

Apparently what the author intends is: "The gardens of the Gothic era seldom included more than the close or park with a rivulet passing through it, a spring, a pine-tree giving a welcome shade, some simple flowers, and